

LETTERS

Arose at the the town. The the town, during the French, and is the only entry Tyrol, "the entrance" are waiting on coach to start for the horses, and woman sits next him, she says "leica" "Yes, I like it; and I find it highly of America themselves," they do. They gence, their religious schools—but they are the many an abolitionist ashamed to see where did you said she, "I am Philadelphia treatment of slaves. Then waving over as seen enough of sea; and that n I think one of religion or go they appear in the blacks. If clergy and churchmen, showed, but churches, Christ the better chance it is but a pirat the community strong to oppress ed the woman. America has no slave, must, slaveholding r said she. At the coach, and she was going there few more. Thus it is—the world is branded my. There h no searchings, the Austrian ex on the confines

A town of 30 (for all this reg West, or c dwell. Here t of the people. are the ruins of the Montfort about here. Being by plunde now crawl over So may it be w deeds. All off on our right,

A town of 22 land that desc Arrived here (Golden Eagle and shave at a room where w man of the baggage. We unpack to get who, as we fo fury, and she with hands and the room in a man was a cau room was her about like a m to have us in told her that h know nothing ourselves were posed, knew w to conduct us able, and you against her hui ging with pass unreasonable the house, and poor we thing not open his m have our bagg a waiter, and of her house; ple, we thoug She became so gise—said we

The hurricane room, furnish came pizucals nonentities in

On a pier ro half dozen li branches over There be men there the men at morn, at n children come lake on one si the other—the behind the tow From the top far as the eye enters the lake berg, over w Appenzell, in Sentic, off to the is enchanting. tris on the w a place of so houses, which boring mount exported across to be the Brig the, Drurici ace, fought an they transport lake.

I am sitting shade of a li another bench salesp and hanch air from the li Some children ing with them aged, on an emly, on a pi each a foul pi spent. They the fashionable lute this wee The lake is w the lakes of lake Georg though very

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S FATHERLAND.

(In imitation of the German Song, "Das Vaterland.")

BY R. H. BACON.

Where's the Christian's cherished home?
Tell me where that spot can be!
Is it his own hearth beside,
With his children on his knee,
And his wife, whose angel smile
Meets his gaze of love the while?

No, ah, no! pale Death may strike
The mother and the child alike.
Where's the Christian's own dear land?
Tell me where that spot can be!

Is it where the Hudson rolls
Its mighty tribute to the sea;
And on whose majestic tide
The navies of the world may ride?

No, a country nobler far,
Is the Christian's native land.
Where's the Christian's native land?
Is it where the Andes rise,
In solemn grandeur lifting up
Their snowy summits to the skies—

Or where the Rio Plata's seen
Winding through boundless plains of green?
No, a broader land than this
The true Christian claims as his.

Where's the Christian's native land?
Is it where the Saviour bled—
Where he burst the rocky tomb,
The first begotten of the dead—

And arose while Heaven was ringing
With his acclaim and angels' singing?
No, a wider bound he claims,
Which his native land he names.

Where's the Christian's country then,
Which he weareth more than all?
Is it where the banyan's shadow
On the rich pedregal falls—

Where tripping streamlets soft and slow,
Through valleys of dream-like beauty flow?
Ah, no, his country is not here,
'Tis not the land he holds most dear.

Where's the Christian's fatherland?
Is it classic Greece's shore,
Strewed with relics of the past—
Columns vast and temples hoar—

Where every hill and vale and vale
Have each some well remembered tale?
No, 'tis his country is not here,
His fatherland is dearer far.

Where, then, is his fatherland?
Is it Spain or glorious France,
Where beneath the shade of olives,
Minstrels sing and maidens dance?

Or is it Italy's sea,
Where every breeze wakes melody?
No, his fatherland contains
More than all Italy's plains.

Is the Christian's fatherland
Buried Erin's sea-washed isle?
Or, beneath the Firth's broad waters,
Doth the sun upon it smile?

Or is it England, land of castles,
Lax lords and cringing vassals?
No, the Christian's birth-land is
A broader, nobler land than these.

The world is his dear fatherland!
And the truest patriot he,
All its dwellers are his brothers,
Whether bond or free.

Frank and Ethiope, the same,
The Christian's warm affection claim:
He loveth all Humanity;
And thanks his God that he can find
A heart to cherish all mankind.

The following Poem was written by a pupil of the
Utica Female Academy—a girl of sixteen! It is
justly characterized by N. P. Willis, as "wonderfully
original and beautiful."

WATER.

Where does the water spring, gladome and bright?
Here in the leafy grove,
Bubbling in life and love;
Born of the sunshine, up leaping to light,
Waked in its pebbly bed,
When the still shadows fled,
Gushing, overflowing, down tumbling, for flight.

Where does the water flow? Where glides the rill?
Now 'neath the forest shade,
Then in the grassy field,
Dancing as freely as child of the hill,
Bright cascades leaping,
Silver bubbles creeping,
Wearing the mountains, and turning the mill.

Where does the water dwell, powerful and grand?
Here where the ocean foam
Breaks in its rock-ribbed home,
Dashing, land-lashing, up-bounding, wrath spanned;
And on sweetly sleeping,
Soft dimples o'ercreeping,
Like a baby on its mother's breast, soothed by her hand.

Where smiles the dew-drop the night shadows woo?
Where the young fog's red dip,
Leaving each perfumed lip,
Close in the rose's heart, loving and true,
Poised on an emerald shaft,
Where never sunbeam laughed,
Deep in the dingle, the beautiful dew.

Where glows the water-pledge, given of old?
'Tis dropped down from God's throne,
Where the shower is gone,
A chain of pure gems linked with purple and gold;
In Eden beds blushing,
With infinity gushing,
A line from the Book of Life, its lore half untold.

The bright bow of promise, the signet of power,
The crown of the sky,
The pathway on high,
Whence angels bend to us, when darksome clouds
Lower,
Breathing so silently,
Kindly and truthfully—
Oh! their wings for a shield, in the wrath-bearing
hour!

Then we'll love the threads lacing our beautiful
world,
Tangling the sun-beams,
Laughing in glorious gleams:
The warble all dimpled, and spray-tresses curled:
The tear on the flower's crest,
The gem in the ocean's crest,
And the ladder of angels by rain-drops imperied.

KIND WORDS.

BY SOLITAIRE.

Like gentle rain upon the parched earth;
Like heaven's sunlight in some deep lone dell;
Like mother's hope at her fair infant's birth;
Like voice of freedom in a prisoner's cell;
Or joyous warbling of a spring-time bird,
Falls on the heart a low-toned kindly word.

THE LIBERATOR.

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

COMPANY.

I went on Monday, June 26, to Chauncy Place church, Boston, to attend the anniversary of the military company named at the head of this article. The country readers of the Liberator may not be aware that the members of this association, who use, and glory in using, those carnal weapons which Paul repudiated and Christ prohibited, have annually a sermon preached before them, and that the preachers (with the honorable exception of John Pierpont, some years ago), have thought it proper to compliment the professors of manslaughter before them, and to justify the practice of war. Their orator on this occasion was the Reverend Alexander H. Vinton, Doctor of Divinity, and Rector of St. Paul's church in this city.

After the singing of an ode, in which soldiers were declared "a blessing to the earth, and a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, petitioning, among other things, that God would remove from us all those who are opposed to legislative enactments," that the military company before him might "keep up the dignity of their station," and that God would "smile upon all the institutions of our land," the preacher arose. I noted down what I could of his sermon, and though I was not able in all cases to retain the exact expression, I believe I can give a faithful transcript of the thought. His text was:

"John xviii. 36. My kingdom is not of this world. If my kingdom were of this world, they would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence."

In the world, but not of it, was the position of the Saviour. His kingdom was widely separated from the strife and discord of this world. Peace was the chief characteristic of the Messiah's reign.

There may seem at first an incongruity between the text and the occasion. I address you as the messengers of the Prince of Peace, and in his words; yet your military garb betokens strife, showing your expectation that bloodshed and slaughter may come, and your readiness to engage in it. It is not strange that my text has been seized upon by non-resistants, and quoted in support of their peculiar doctrines. Its words may seem to some incongruous with your profession as soldiers, and with my position in addressing you. But to my mind this incongruity does not exist; and I am persuaded that a just interpretation will reconcile the apparent opposition.

The meaning of Christ in this passage is that his government is so different from all others in its object, that its means and methods must likewise be entirely different. I understand him to condemn all application of physical force to the dissemination of his religion; to assert that the kingdom of truth may no more be propagated by force than by fraud.

If my kingdom, he means to say, were what my enemies suppose, it would be both necessary and right to resist by violence. War is necessary and right for the support of government. It may be said that he means to contrast human governments with his own. But he claims a different sort of dominion for himself. If my kingdom, he plainly means to say, had been sent for a temporal and worldly purpose, to resist unto battle and blood. If he intended his words as a censure at all, they are pointed against all civil governments! Are we prepared for this conclusion?

One of Christ's chief characteristics was a respectful submission to civil governments. He says to Pilate, "thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." This is a remarkable concession. Infer that he intended no reproach to human governments, and that he meant to recognize human force as the proper support of human governments.

Government is divine. It is a deposit from God in the hands of men for their safety. Jehovah himself once said, "I will be a Father to the fatherless, and a Father to the orphan." Because the Governor has removed his seat, is the government therefore abolished?

Government has a compulsory jurisdiction, else it would be no government. Order and security are its two great objects. It cannot act upon the transgressions of the heart, but when wickedness becomes aggressive, and shows itself in the life, then the government interposes by making war upon, and punishing, the individual offender. But is the case changed when the aggressors are numerous, and the subjects of a foreign nation? No!

It must however be understood, that this use of violence is righteous only in proportion to its necessity. I advocate only a strictly defensive war. I plead for no aggression, no assertion by arms of the claims of national honor and etiquette. Defensive war is righteous. Every belligerent act on the wrong side is a crime, and it makes every corresponding act on the other side a noble virtue. The soldier is none the less Christian because he serves the God of battles, and his obedience is war.

War is the world's emphatic curse. Its parent is sin, and its offspring blood and woe. Yet no argument can be drawn from the practical miseries of war for the theory of non-resistance. If this principle were suffered to hold out its premium to crime, what would be the consequence? Our safety is secured by the opposite principle. The duty of human government keeps back the ocean of violence. It cannot however prevent the manifestation of violence. All that resistance can do is to make war unprofitable.

Our text instructs us to look for a period when war shall cease. This will come through the influence of truth and grace. It must be a gradual work; it comes not with observation; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. The true remedy of war is an inward, not an outward power. It acts not by binding the hands of the aggressor, but by persuading his heart through the influences of truth and love. Universal conscientiousness and benevolence must beget universal peace. But this must come by a gradual process.

The spirit of war has many a time heralded the Gospel. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. These circumstances—the extensive diffusion of the Gospel—the fact that the most powerful and influential of modern nations are also the most Christian, so that the mighty armies and navies which awe the world carry Christianity with them, and leave it as a blessing wherever they go,—and the increasing recognition of philanthropy and the claims of humanity,—show that universal peace may really be ultimately expected; and until that time comes, I argue only for war simply and narrowly defensive.

Your object, citizen-soldiers, is defence. This compound name implies, one who fights for peace. War can never be the sin of a citizen soldier. Let them be supported and honored, as the security of the State, until the Saviour shall reign.

Your body justly calls itself ancient, representing as it does those revolutionary sires whose armed resistance secured our liberties; and while you follow their illustrious example, you will ever be honorable.

Such was the discourse of the Reverend Dr. Vinton. It would be easy to comment at any length upon its shamesome perversion and misinterpretation of one of the most affecting and impressive of our Saviour's rebukes of the war spirit; its absolutely baseless assertion that Christ meant, in this very passage, to imply that war is necessary and right when waged by the kingdoms of this world for their own support; its breathless avowal that a Christian may rightfully serve the god of battles; its deliberate attempt to postpone the millennium of peace and love, by teaching that men must not yet adopt those as their principles of action; its apologetic effort to prove a distinction, which includes no difference except priority

of time, between offensive and defensive war; and its profligate incitement to a vigorous support of war technically defensive, just as our country is in danger of being involved in a war which will bear that title, if it is waged, but which will really proceed from our unprovoked aggression, and in which we shall be entirely and most grossly in the wrong; all this, I say, might easily be answered, were it necessary; but those who have eyes, and heads, and Christian hearts, will see the answer of themselves.

There is one thought, however, which men educated as we have been are not apt to see for themselves, and for that reason I suggest it. How long shall we countenance by our weekly attendance, and support by our contributions, the false claims of the clergy of this land to the title and consideration of "ministers of the gospel"? Christ was the Prince of Peace; his gospel is the gospel of peace; but Dr. Vinton and the great majority of the clergy of our country are ministers of war, and avowed servants of the god of battles. Let all who worship the God of love, and all disciples of Him who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them, cease at once and forever from recognizing and supporting as Christian teachers, a war-defending clergy.

C. K. W.

THE Boston Christian (Register) gives the following commendatory notice of the heathenish discourse of the Rev. Dr. Vinton:

"On Monday last, June 26, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company celebrated their 207th Anniversary. Rev. Dr. A. H. Vinton, of St. Paul's Church in this city, preached a sermon in vindication of 'defensive' war. It was an excellent discourse, containing several strong passages in the form of argument, and well written and delivered. At the dinner in Faneuil Hall, Governor Briggs, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, Hon. Isaac H. Wright, Rev. Mr. Lotthrop and others, spoke with interest and eloquence."

The Boston Courier bestows the following panegyric on the same military performance:

"REV. DR. VINTON'S SERMON, on Monday, before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, was one of uncommon excellence—replete with sound argument, lofty Christian sentiment, and beautifully striking illustration. It was conservative in its character, and while it condemned, in no equivocal language, the spirit which leads to offensive war, and portrayed in strong colors the grievous consequences of all wars, it gave no encouragement to the non-resistance spirit which invites aggression. We have seldom listened to a discourse on a public occasion, so eloquent and appropriate."

LETTER FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT.

FELDKIRCH, (Ober Arlberg, Austria),

July 14, 1844.

To my Daughter Hannah.

I am here for the first time in the valley of the Rhine, in the town of Feldkirch, in the *Krone* hotel. Just arrived from the top of the Tyrol Alps. This has been a busy day; I have passed through many grand and beautiful scenes, which would have called forth from you, as it did from me, many expressions of pleasure and admiration. The Rhine, which runs a few miles to the west of this town, runs north into the lake Constance. To-morrow my course will be north, on the east side of the Rhine. From this town, off south and south-west, I look out upon the Swiss Alps, covered with snow, from which the Rhine comes. It is here a small stream, except where swollen by the melted snow on the mountains. There it swells fearfully, and sweeps all before it.

I have just been out to look about the town. It stands close to the entrance of the valley of Ill, here called *Walgau*, which leads up among the Alps of the Arlberg. The oldest building here is a Hospital, built in 1218; and there is an old church of Gothic gloom and structure, built in 1746, having a pulpit of iron, emblematic of the hard, unfeeling, inhuman nature of the ambitious priests that officiate in it. There is an old castle near here, seen on a high mountain as we entered the town called *Schattenberg*, built by the Counts of Montfort, who were a very noble family, but in the history of Europe. There are many of these old robber's nests and dens of murder and pollution, where men used to rob and murder, and pray and preach—keeping some reverend hypocrite and ordained blasphemer to baptize their villainy—as slaveholders in America kept a gang of licensed and ordained blasphemers, like Plummer, White and Hill, to consecrate their theft and robbery, and unutterable pollutions. Every slave plantation of the South is but a den of robbers and murderers, where man preys upon his brother like a wolf upon lambs. This old castle of Schattenberg is, I am told, now a barracks for Austrian soldiers, and for the legalized assassins of Austria.

This, dear Hannah, is Sunday. I have been travelling all day among the stupendous mountains and snow-capped peaks of God. I cannot transfer to you, by letter, the emotions that have swelled my bosom, this day. I have, indeed, been in the temple of God, and my soul has bowed in awe before him. I have felt to-day that I could see the Deity in the mighty Alps; and have oft exclaimed in my heart, How wonderful are thy works, Lord God Almighty! I could seem to see Him, riding in majesty across the sky! To see Him hold these mountains in the hollow of His hand! I have, indeed, felt to-day that I have worshipped God in spirit and in truth. I have felt how insignificant is this magnificent world of matter, compared to the boundless, eternal, ever-present and ever-felt Empire of the Deity over the soul. My soul has mirrored forth to me this outward universe; but it has been to me, also, the mirror of eternity. The human soul, dear Hannah, has indeed a power above and over all this visible world of oceans and continents, of mountains and valleys, of suns and stars. These shall be rolled together as a scroll, and laid aside; but the soul is indestructible, and allied to the Deity and the Eternal.

I have felt to-day what it is to have a SABBATH, a rest to the soul, in God; and never did I feel more deeply the wrong and outrage done to God and man by the views of a Christian Sabbath that pervade entire Christendom. It is but a mockery, a blasphemous attempt to convert a day into a Christian ordinance. It seems to me impious to set apart one day in seven to worship God. Whom do men worship the other six days? There is nothing said about setting apart any day or hour to worship God; but there is much said about devoting all our days, hours and moments, all our powers of body and soul, all our employments to God. Keep ONE day in seven holy! Yes, keep SEVEN days week holy; think not your own thoughts—speak not your own words—seek not your own pleasure—not only on the Sabbath, but never at all. Think God's thoughts—speak his words—do his pleasure, each day and hour. Have Christ's spirit, and he armed with his mind, all the time. Live and move and have your being in God—dwelt in love and in God, and walk by faith, every day. This is Christianity. At all, and nothing less, should we aim; and fully am I persuaded, that the present views of the Sabbath tend to make men totally reckless of the presence and government of God, as a ruling principle of life. When I see men hate, enslave, kill and slay their fellow-men, on claim of right to do these deeds; and when I see them pouring out death and damnation to the bodies and souls of men by the glass, and filling earth with poverty, woe and pollution, I care not for their Sabbaths, their prayers, their worship, their priest-hoods, their communions, or professions; they deceive themselves and others—and are only ten-fold more the children of the devil in consequence of their pretended sanctity.

I have thought much to-day about how you and your mother and Mary used to spend your Sabbaths in Philadelphia among the scorned and outcast of that city. You would not go to hear the pro-slavery preachers of the city, nor enter those dens of wickedness called churches, where the poor and despised colored people are set up as a mark of scorn. I wonder all the colored people of the land are not infidels! They are, they must be infidels to the religion of their oppressors, or they cannot be Christians. Do you still go from house to house among the poor on Sunday, instead of going to the churches? I hope you do, and believe your worship in so doing will be far more acceptable to our Common Father, than if you went to the churches cursed and damned with a negro psalm. But I must stop and go to rest. It is now 12 o'clock at night. God forever bless you all.

H. C. WRIGHT.

MISCELLANY.

From the Trenton Emporium.

THE WARREN MURDERS.

SENTENCE OF JOSEPH CARTER AND PETER W. PARKE.

Yesterday about 10 o'clock, A. M., the Attorney General moved that the sentence of the law be pronounced on the two prisoners now lying in the Mercer Jail, convicted of the murder of the Castner family in Warren county. The prisoners were accordingly brought into the room of the Supreme Court, and placed in front of the bench of judges.

Chief Justice Horner read the sentence of the court. The scene was one deeply impressive, and will not soon be forgotten. As he proceeded, in his painful duty with a voice and manner which showed how deeply he was affected, the feelings of the auditory and the court itself were deeply moved, and we saw, as well among the latter as the former, eyes which were bathed in tears. Justices Carpenter and Nevins were particularly moved, and the evidence of deep feeling was to be seen in every part of the crowded room.

When Carter was called on to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced upon him, he made a brief reply, which produced a very favorable impression on the auditory. He said he wished to be candid in what he was about to say, as he was fully sensible that he should soon have to answer for it at the bar of God. He then solemnly avowed that he had nothing to do with the murder, and declared his full trust in the Almighty, in whose hands he desired to commit his cause.

When Parke was called on, he also declared his entire innocence. He said, "All that I have to say is, I am an innocent man, and that I was not out of my house on the night of the murder, from 9 o'clock till daylight."

Having received their replies, the Chief Justice went on to say that they considered nothing to change the complexion of their several cases, and he proceeded in a solemn manner to remind them of the importance of seeking a preparation for that final and awful event which soon awaited them. He reminded them of the advantages which, in this respect, they possessed over their victims. You well know, said he, the time of your dissolution, but your wretched victims were hurried into another world without a moment's warning. He also reminded them that, notwithstanding their crime, they were still men, and that they were capable of cleansing from all sin. He charged them not to build up any false hopes of reprieve or escape, or to brave it out to the last with a show of false courage, but to begin immediately to make preparations for the awful penalty which the law enforced.

Joseph Carter was then sentenced to be taken to the jail for the night, and to be taken there to remain in the custody of the proper officers till some day between the 15th and 22d days of August next, when he was to be delivered over to the authorities of Warren county, and on Friday, the 22d day of August, between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, he hung by the neck till he was dead.

The announcement of this sentence produced a strong effect on the auditory. He was much affected, the tears flowed freely, and he sat down, buried his face in his hands, and continued to sob for some time. The house was much moved.

The sentence of Peter W. Parke was precisely the same as that of Carter, but he was much less affected than his wretched companion. Indeed, we were told that he entered the room till he retired.

The trial of Abner Parke for participating in this awful murder takes place at the June court, and should anything be elicited on that occasion to change the complexion of these cases, it may affect the prisoners just sentenced. But we do not suppose that the trial will produce any such result. The prisoners will, in all probability, be hung at the Warren Court House, on Friday, the 22d of August next.

EXECUTION OF THOMAS HENRY HOCKER.

The convict Thomas Henry Hocker was on Monday morning executed on the gallows in front of Newgate for the murder of the state James Delane, in the presence of a very large assemblage of spectators. As the fatal hour approached, both the mental and physical powers of the prisoner appeared to sink very rapidly, and he fainted several times. On arriving at the foot of the scaffold, he walked up the steps tolerably well, but the moment he got off the scaffold, he fell on his knees, and his strength again failed him, and Thompson, one of the turnkeys, was obliged to hold him by main force while the cap was drawn over his eyes, and the rope was being adjusted by the executioner. The culprit appeared so convulsed that this was as much as one man could do, and the moment the bolt was withdrawn, the prisoner had been hanged off, the poor fellow was so affected that he staggered down the steps of the platform, and immediately fainted. He declared himself innocent of the crime to the last. The prisoner, who was a young man of some ability, aged only twenty-two, read an address to the jury, the substance of which was, that the deceased had seduced a young lady, and that he was forced to do so, and that he was not guilty of the crime. He was executed by the gallows, and his body was taken away by the undertaker.

From the Providence Republican Herald.

EXECUTION OF THE INMATE.

MR. EDITOR.—I have always been an advocate for the infliction of Capital Punishment for the crime of murder. But I must say, the deplorable use made of the law recently, has entirely changed my mind on the subject. Since the philanthropists of England have undertaken an examination of the subject, they have ascertained that more than one hundred and fifty have been executed in England, within a few years, who have been proved innocent after their death.

Mr. Editor, this is horrible—and you may say there is not the same danger in our country; but, sir, the danger is becoming great here. If there was but one instance on record in our country, and that the talented and amiable Dr. Hamilton, of Kentucky, it ought to be sufficient to do away such a law. This execution, which, if I recollect right, took place about twenty-five years ago, filled that State with horror and consternation. Dr. Sanderson, a physician, residing in Mercer county, was found murdered in a cross road, the pistols of Dr. Hamilton lying by him, and some other articles identified as his, which I have forgotten. Of course, Dr. Hamilton was arrested and committed for trial. He scorned the idea of employing counsel, and made his own defence. It was a masterly effort. He commenced by appealing to the people at large, to decide whether he was a fool. Most of them had employed him, he said; and if they thought him a fool, it was probable they would not have done so. And yet if he had gone in broad day to murder a man, and have his pistols beside him, he must have been so. Again, if he wanted to kill Dr. Sanderson, he had attended that gentleman in sickness, and recently in his own house, and could he not have done so, and no one been the wiser, &c. &c. No one dreamed of his conviction, yet the jury brought him in guilty; he was sentenced and executed, leaving an amiable wife and several children, inconsolable. And in three short months, two robbers and murderers confessed on the gallows that they committed the murder, after entering Dr. Hamilton's house privately, and stealing his pistols.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—We think the advocates of the death punishment who were present at the Court House in this borough on Tuesday last, when the jury were being empaneled in the murder case then on trial, had evidence that the bloody code was fast tottering to its fall. Seventeen of our most intelligent citizens promptly answered that they could not conscientiously render a verdict of murder in the first degree, under any circumstances. In what stronger manner could they express their abhorrence of capital punishment?—Chester (Pa.) Republican.

DETERRER SUMMARY.

THE FIRE AT QUEBEC. The Quebec papers furnish us with many details of the late very disastrous fire in that city—the substance of which will be found below:

The length is over a mile—the depth at the widest part, I should think, not far from half a mile; within these boundaries were laid out the following streets: St. Vallier-street, Des Prairies-street, St. Margaret-street, Des Fosses-street, St. Joseph-street, St. Francis-street, King-street, Richardson-street, Queen-street, Prince Edward-street, (partly), St. Roch-street, St. Dominique-street, Grand-street, Craig-street, Rue de l'Eglise, Crown-street, Fleuve-street.

St. Nicholas, St. Paul's and St. Charles-streets, Rue de la Croix, Henderson-street, St. Paul's Market, (Lower Town).

Suburb of St. John—Cote d'Abraham—north part of St. George-street—do. do. of St. Oliver-street, and houses in St. Eustache, St. Augustin, and Richmond streets.

Every building, with the exception of three or four, within the above range, is in ashes.

Many children must have perished, so sudden was the progress of the fire, and judging also from the fact the above article to the public, having by repeated experiment found it of never-failing efficacy. It is, in fact, and an exhibition of endless certificates, (easily obtained), to make it sell. No sample has ever yet been manufactured that can compete with this in what it professes to do, and it requires to be used to convince the most incredulous of its wonderful effects.

Agents—A. G. Tucker, Manchester, N. H.; John Leav, corner Morrison-street, Lowell. Price 25 cents. Liberal discounts made to those buying to sell again. June 6.

THE FUGITIVE'S SONG.

FUGITIVE'S SONG.

Dedicated to Frederick Douglass and other fugitives, by Jesse Hutchinson, Jr., of "Get on the Track," and the various other Songs of the Hutchinsons. For sale by BELLA MARSH, No. 25 Cornhill, June 6.

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